

THE ADVENT OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

THE horse, as a machine, has his drawbacks. One is that he wears out too soon. Another is his general unreliability and his tendency to spavin and heaves when overworked. His fuel is comparatively expensive, and whether he is working or standing he must be supplied to him.

So in this age of applied science our old equine favorite is passing away. The electric gong of the automobile has sounded his deathknell, and now, no matter how old-fashioned cavaliers may struggle against the tide of current events, the horse, as a piece of locomotive machinery, is bound to go. Although for some 5,000 years, if his history is right in the matter, he has been doing faithful duty to man, his venerable bones must at last be relegated to the dime museum and his fatted and degenerate descendants sent to the Teutonic chop-houses. That he may still be seen ambling unapprehensively up and down the streets of our different American cities is quite true, but now that the automobile has passed out of the experimental stage of its

existence and is firmly established in popular favor it is simply a matter of time till the merchant and the millionaire, the drayman and the doctor, will all "note" about the face of this earth for business or pleasure, as the case may be.

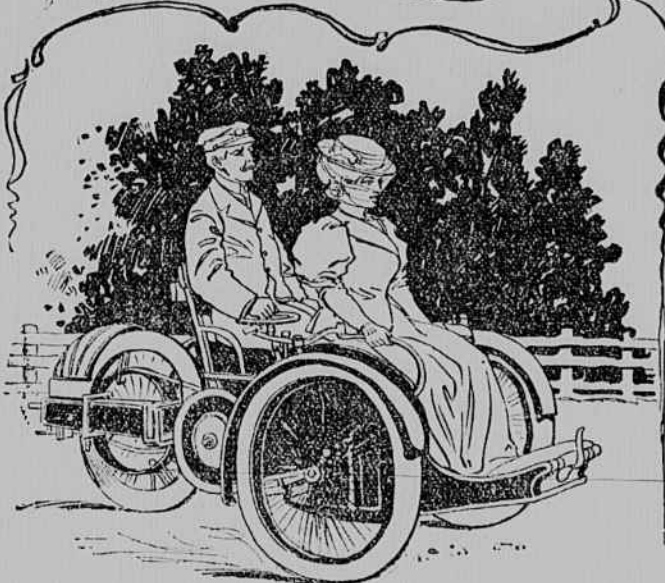
The automobile is clean, economical and convenient. It never eats its head off. It never balks or shies into a ditch. It does not get distemper and have to be shot. It does not leave dirty streets behind it, and it can wriggle through a crowded thoroughfare quicker than an equine Stradivarius can flick off a fly with his tail.

So it is no wonder that we are approaching the reign of the automobile. The king is dead! Long live the king! The capricious equine already has an old-fashioned and awkward look about him, and though he may not pass absolutely away for the next few years, the time will certainly come when he will be forbidden on the carefully kept streets of our twentieth century cities, where only the gentle drone of the Watt mo-

tor and the hum of the electric victoria will be heard.

During the last year or two great improvements have been made in the building of autocarriages, and the only problem now remaining of reducing the cost of construction. An automobile costs at present from \$800 to \$5,000, while hydro carbon and gasoline wagons sell from \$600 to \$2,000. Some of the smaller popular self-propelling traps are sold for as little as \$300, though they have not yet been reduced to their most perfect mechanical form. They will, however, run 75 miles without a recharge, which consists of one gallon of gasoline. They will carry two passengers over this distance at a respectable rate of speed with that small amount of fuel. The gasoline engine always emits a slightly disagreeable odor, however, and this will always be a point in its disfavor. Nor have its builders yet overcome its tendency to radiate heat, so that the more popular vehicle for a time at least will be the electric carriage. These are

so built that their storage batteries can be charged at any 110 volt direct current circuit, such as that ordinarily used for lighting purposes, but even an electric carriage will give out the same as the old horse if overtaxed. In places where the direct current is not available for recharging, by means of a simple apparatus the alternating current can be used, though it takes about three hours to restore or charge batteries that have been completely exhausted. In time, it is highly probable, electric hydrants will be placed all about towns and cities and along country roads for the use of "motors." Those who presumably be a sort of quarter in the slot machines. The present cost for recharging a battery is not fixed, but ranges all the way from 40 cents to a couple of dollars, depending on locality and circumstances. The cost of a new battery, by the way, is about \$300, so that the man who ill treats this sensitive piece of machinery will find it about as expensive to keep as an overdriven thoroughbred.



A TEAM OF TRAINED LAMBS.



The strangest team ever put in harness is the "spike" tandem driven by little Miss Pickling of Carolina, Me. This team consists of three well trained black faced lambs named Shoddy, Shoddy and Shoddy. They were taken when 3 months old and by kind treatment and gentle usage were made perfectly obedient and as responsive to the reins as well trained horses. The father of their little driver is a large stock owner and spent much time in the training of his daughter's pets. They have been driven as far as 17 miles in one day and after their long jaunt did not seem the least exhausted. The accompanying picture shows the strange team hitched to a sleigh, with their proud little owner on the box handling the reins.

TO GUARD THE DEAD.

In the graveyard of the parish of St. Mary, in Aberdeenshire, still stands one of the old fashioned "watching houses" in which the relatives of de-



parted ones were in the habit of watching over the new made graves of the dead. In the beginning of the century nearly every cemetery possessed one or several of these watch houses, for in those times body snatching was more common than it is nowadays.

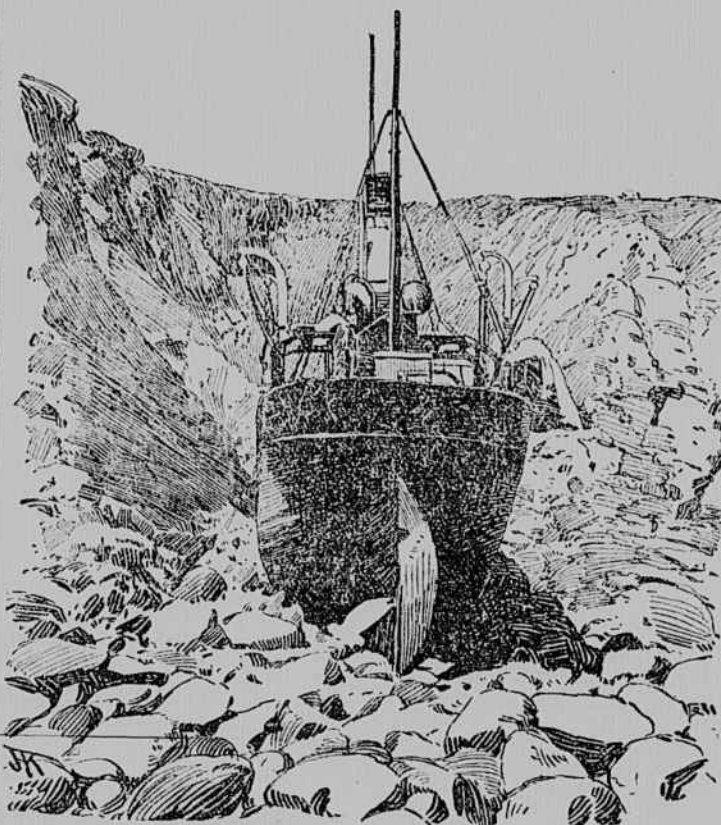
A SOUVENIR BOWL.

The bowl shown in the accompanying illustration is not exactly a beautiful piece of work, but is nevertheless highly prized by its owners. For 84 years it has remained in the possession of the Brown family in Ayrshire, Eng-



land, and was constructed by an officer of that name in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo, fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815. This bowl is of common stoneware and stands a little over 4 inches high. It is a dark green in color with a semicircle of white, within which is a Scotch soldier's bonnet.

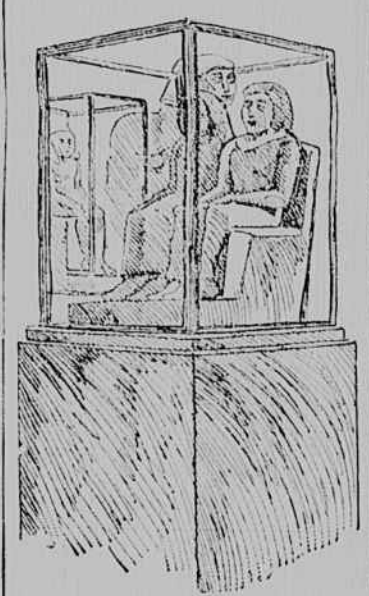
A NATURAL DRYDOCK.



Perhaps the strangest haven of rest into which a steamer ever wandered is that shown in the accompanying illustration. This ship is a Cardiff tramp steamer, which during a recent "blow" was driven ashore on the east coast of Scotland and left reposing in a little cove when the tide went down. By a peculiar accident the steamer rested as firmly and quietly as though she had been drydocked. A tribute to the ingenuity of the nineteenth century man is the confident statement that there will be little trouble experienced in getting the vessel back into her proper element.

AN OLD RELIC.

It is an odd coincidence that the oldest monument in the world should be a representation of the world's oldest story. The old, old story is, of course, a tale of love, and now that many learned Egyptologists have confirmed the fact that this monument, shown in the accompanying illustration, is ac-



tually the oldest piece of stonecutting in the world it will bear out the long suspected fact that Egypt flourished very, very many years ago. The inscription on the pedestal of this strange stone reads, "Portrait figure of Ka-Tep, an Egyptian official of high rank, and his wife, Hetepet-Hers" (fourth dynasty, about 3550 B. C.), from Sak-kara." What is more remarkable about this piece of statuary is the fact that the female has her arm about the male, which might lead one to think it was a happy year in Egypt at the time when the royal pair sat for their portraits in stone.

KING ALFRED'S STATUE.

In the first year of the twentieth century will be celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the death of King Alfred the Great. England has decided to mark the commemoration by putting up a huge statue of their long idolized Alfred in the city of Winchester. The funds for this statue will be raised by popular subscription, and the statue itself will be made by Hans Thornycroft, the well known English artist.



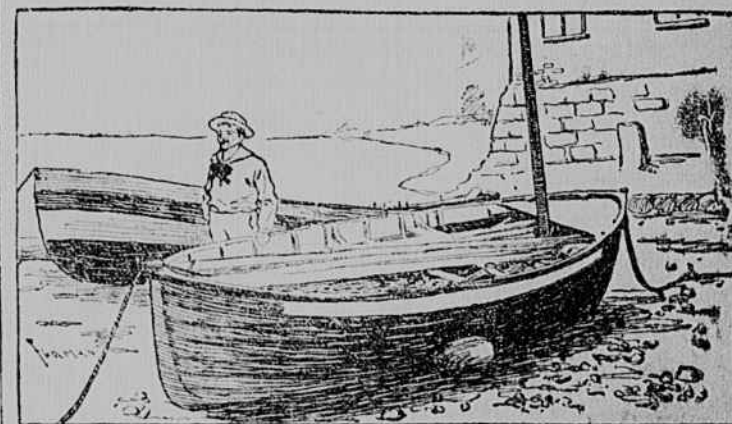
in song and popularly known as "The Charge of the Six Hundred." The trumpet was carried by Major Gray, and when the charge was made the Russian gunners tried to knock the gallant major out of his saddle with their gun rammers. After the battle the battered instrument was thrown away as worthless, but was rescued by an officer, and not long ago was sold for no less than \$3,500.

WHERE BRAVE AMERICANS FELL.



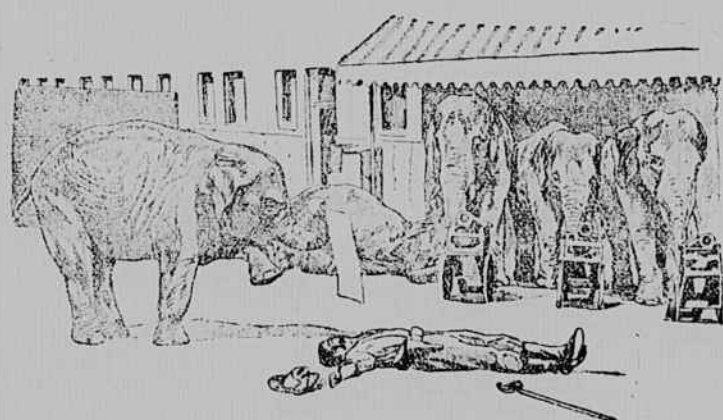
Germany's demand for indemnity for her losses in Samoa during the recent troubles there gives a new complication to an old problem and shows that this ancient Samoan question is not yet altogether settled. In connection with this the accompanying picture, reproduced from a photograph recently taken, will be examined with interest, as it shows the pathway on the German plantation along which the four American and three British sailors were slaughtered in the engagement known as the battle of Vailate. This picture shows the exact spot where Lieutenant Lansdale and Ensign Monaghan of the Philadelphia were killed during this battle, which took place on April 1, and was instrumental in bringing about the Samoan crisis.

A PLUCKY OLD SAILOR.



Here is a robust old American deep water fisherman who has just made a most remarkable voyage in an open fishing boat, 16 feet long and 6 feet beam. Starting out alone in his little yawl, he sailed from one of the Channel Islands, near the mouth of the Mississippi, eastward to the western coast of Florida, and then southward, finally reaching Havana, Cuba, which was his destination. During the voyage this lonely sailor had to put into port three times for supplies. Although he experienced considerable rough weather, he stated on his arrival in Havana that his trip had been a most comfortable one, and that he intended to make the return trip after seeing the sights on the island.

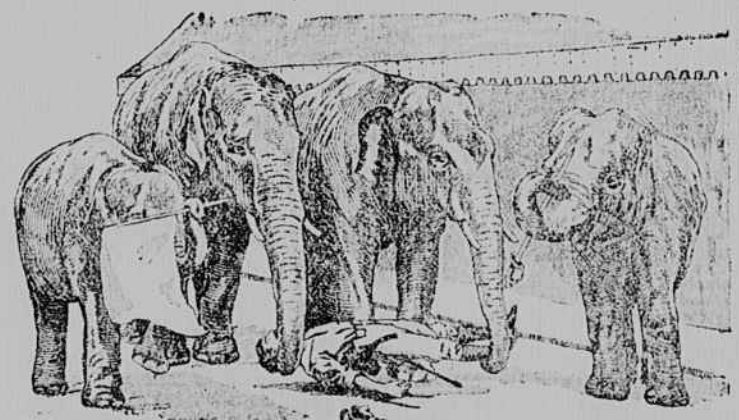
THE ELEPHANT AS A WAR NURSE.



The elephant is a misunderstood animal. For so long he has been looked upon as a huge, lumbering and exceedingly stupid animal, suitable only for circus processions, that those people who dwell in parts remote from his home have a very poor idea of his actual usefulness and intelligence. The extent to which the elephant can be trained in trick doing has been partly demonstrated by enterprising show managers, but our biggest quadrupeds are capable of a great many more things than riding on iron tricycles and standing in a row to have a clown turn somersaults over their backs.

In India the elephant has always been a useful animal. As a beast of burden he is without equal for heavy loads, and for campaigning and tiger hunting and all such things he is a very satisfactory accompaniment.

But the elephant's role as a Red Cross nurse is a novel one. His usefulness in this sphere, however, will be seen by the accompanying pictures, which are taken from snap shots made of a number of these four footed nurses engaged in their noble duties of mercy. Their evolutions along this line are executed with much grace and real cleverness. The trainer of



these docile beasts is Henry Mooney, who has spent years in India studying the characteristics of his pets. The drama in which they are such clever actors is a mock battle. In their Red Cross exercises one huge elephant falls to the ground in the fray and lies there as if dead. The trainer does the same, whereupon the other animals carry off his motionless body on their trunks. The baby elephant shown in the illustrations has been taught to wield the white flag of truce, which he waves with much gusto, trumpeting with rage when the enemy refuse to recognize his signal and continue firing.

These intelligent four footed Florence Nightingales came from Hyderabad, and were secured by their owner at the comparatively small cost of 2,500 rupees apiece, or at about \$50 each. Their ages, with the exception of the baby, vary from 7 to 13 years, and their average weight is 4,000 pounds. Their owner, who hopes to dispose of them to the British military authorities in India, claims that they are all worth their weight in gold. If this is taken literally they are, indeed, rather valuable animals.

A FRENCH BOY ARTIST.

Henri Cortes is a young French artist living near Paris in the little town of Lagny who is now being pointed out as the coming great painter of France. Cortes is a mere boy, only 18



years of age, but he has already had a work in the Paris salon, the canvas being a remarkable picture of a playman executed after the well known Barbizon school style.

The Parisian critics saw at once that this bit of work was not an everyday "studio picture," and, in fact, not unlike Millet's world famous "Angelus," and very great hopes are entertained by French art critics of Cortes' future.

AN HISTORIC BUGLE.

Here is a battered old trumpet that is simply reeking with historic associations. It is the treasured instrument which led the famous charge of the Light brigade at Balaclava, celebrated

